Senior Recital Color Col

music by Hildegard, Caccini, Bach, Argento, Duparc and more

Saturday, March 6, 2010 at 7pm Holy Trinity Anglican Church 10037 84 Avenue Free Admission

* Program *

Rex noster promtus est Hildegard von Bingen (1098-1179)

Ashley Rees, Sarah Schaub, Amber Schneider, Josée Chartrand and Abra Whitney, voice

Exulta Filia Claudio Monteverdi Hyejin Lee, organ (1567-1643)

Jessica McMillan, flute Hyejin Lee, organ

* Intermission *

Ach, ich Fühl's	
	(1756-1771)
6 Elizabethan Arias	Dominick Argento
1. Spring	(b. 1927)
2. Sleep	
3. Winter	
4. Dirge	
5. Diaphenia	
Hébé	Chausson (1855-1899)
Les angelus	Debussy (1862-1918)
L'Invitation au voyage Duparc (1848-1933)	
abstore I die	atoum of its
The Lest Desc of Common	Deitter
The Last Rose of Summer	
Olympions it in the	(1913-1976)
Magdalena Adamek, pia	no

* Wine and Cheese reception to follow downstairs *

* Translations *

Rex noster promptus est

Rex noster promptus est suscipere sanguinem Innocentum.

Unde Angeli concinunt et in laudibus sonant.

sed nubes super eumdem sanguinem plangent.

mortis propter malitiam suam suffocates est.

Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto.

Our King stands ready to accept the life-blood of the Innocents.

Let angels sing and sound praises while the clouds grieve over that same blood.

Tyrannus autem in gravit somno However the Tyrant is suffocated in heavy sleep by his own malice.

> Glory to the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit.

Vedrò'l mio sol

Vedrò'l mio sol, vedrò prima

ch'io muoia

Quel sospirato giorno

Che faccia'l vostro raggio à me ritorno.

O mia luce, o mia gioia,

Ben più m'è dolc'il tormentar per 'tis sweeter to be in torment for vui

Che'l gioir per altrui.

Ma senza morte io non potrò soffrire

Un sì lungo martire;

E s'io morrò, morrà mia speme ancora

Di veder mai d'un sì bel dì l'aurora.

O my heart's light,

before I die

I shall see your rays turn to me.

O light and joy of my life,

you

that in delight with another.

Yet to suffer such pain

must bring me death;

and if I die, then dies my hope to

see

that dawn's sweet rays.

Belle Rose Porporine

Belle rose porporine Che tra spine Sull'aurora non aprite; Ma, ministri degl'amori, smile. Bei tesori Di bei denti custodite.

Lovely rosy cheeks, you guard the treasures of her

Dite, rose preziose, Amorose; Tell me, precious rosiness: Dit'ond'e, che s'io m'affiso Nel bel guardo acceso ardente gaze, do you loose a fine smile? Voi repente Disciogliete un bel sorriso?

why when I am transfixed by her Is it perhaps out of sympathy?

Exulta Filia

Ierusalem.

Ecce Rex tuus Sanctus, ecce Behold your Holy King mundi Salvator venit.

Omnes gentes plaudite manibus, All nations, clap your hands Iubilate Deo.

in voce exultationis lætentur cœli.

in voce exultationis exultet terra. let the earth exult in the voice of

populum suum, redemit Ierusalem.

Alleluia.

Exulta filia Sion, lauda filia Exalt, daughter of Sion; sing praise daughter of Jerusalem.

> rejoice in God let the heavens be praised in exultation.

exultation. Quia consolans est Dominus for the Lord has comforted his people; He has redeemed Jerusalem.

Alleluia

Ich folge dir gleichfalls

Ich folge dir Glichfalls mit I follow you also with joyful freudigen Schritten

Und lasse dich nicht, Mein Leben, mein Licht.

steps and leave you not, my life, my light.

Befördre den Lauf Hasten the flow Und höre nicht auf, and do not cease schieben, zu bitten.

Selbst an mir zu ziehen, zu to draw me to yourself to lead, to intercede.

Aus Liebe

Aus Liebe. For love now.

Aus Liebe will mein Heiland For love now would my Savior sterben. perish,

Von einer Sünde weiß er nichts. Of any sin he knoweth nought.

Daß das ewige Verderben That eternal condemnation Und die Strafe des Gerichts And the sentence of the court

Nicht auf meiner Seele bliebe. Not upon my soul continue.

Ach ich Fühl's

Ach, ich fühls, es ist Oh, I feel it, it disappeared

vershwunden.

ewig hin mein ganzes Glück, Gone forever is love's luck!

Nimmer kommt ihr, Never again comes the blissful

Wonnestunden, hour

meinem Herzen mehr zurüch, Back to my heart!

Sieh, Tamino. See, Tamino,

diese Tränen fließen, Tranter, dir these tears flowing, beloved, for

allein. you alone!

fühlst du nicht der Liebe Sehnen. You do not feel the chords of

love.

Thus there will be peaceful rest so wird Ruhe.

in Tode sein. in death!

Hébé

Les yeux baissés, rougissante et candide.

Vers leur banquet quand Hébé s'avançait.

Les Dieux charmés tendaient leur the gods, enchanted, would hold coupe vide, out their empty cups

Et de nectar l'enfant la remplissait.

When Hebe, with her eyes lowered, blushing and artless walked towards their

walked towards their banqueting-table,

out their empty cups
and the girl would fill them with
nectar.

Nous tous aussi, quand passe la jeunesse,

Nous lui tendons notre coupe à l'envi.

Quel est le vin qu'y verse la

Déesse?

We also, all of us, when youth comes past,

jostle to hold our goblets out.

What wine does the goddess pour?

Nous l'ignorons; il enivre et ravit. *One we don't know, which exalts and enraptures.*

Ayant souri dans sa grâce immortelle,

Hébé s'éloigne; on la rappelle en vain.

Longtemps encor sur la route éternelle,

Notre oeil en pleurs suit l'échanson divin.

Immortally graceful, Hebe smiles

and walks away; there's no calling her back.

For a long time still, watching the eternal road,

we follow with tearful gaze the divine cup-bearer.

Les Angelus

Cloches chrétiennes pour les

matines.

Sonnant au coeur d'esperer

encore!

Angelus angelisés d'aurore!

Las! Où sont vos prières câlines?

Vous étiez si douces folies!

Et chanterelles d'amours

prochaines!

Aujourd'hui souveraine est ma

peine,

Et toutes matines abolies.

Je ne vis plus que d'ombre et de

soir;

Les las angelus pleurent la mort,

Et là, dans mon coeur résigné, dort

La seule veuve de toute espoir

Christian bells for matins,

Ringing to the heart to hope

again!

Calls to Angelus, made angelic by

the dawn!

Alas! Where are your winning

prayers?

You were such sweet folies!

And decoys of coming loves!

Today my grief is sovereign

And all matins are abolished.

I no longer see anything but

shadow and evening;

The weary calls to Angelus

mourn death.

And there in my resigned heart

sleeps

The only widow of all hope.

L'Invitation au voyage

Mon enfant, ma soeur, Songe à la douceur

D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!

Aimer à loisir, Aimer et mourir

Au pays qui te ressemble!

Les soleils mouillés De ces ciels brouillés

Pour mon esprit ont les charmes

Si mystérieux

De tes traîtres yeux,

Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté, There all is order and beauty, Luxe, calme et volupté.

Vois sur ces canaux Dormir ces vaisseaux

Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;

C'est pour assouvir Ton moindre désir

Qu'ils viennent du bout du

monde.

Les soleils couchants

Revêtent les champs,

Les canaux, la ville entière,

D'hyacinthe et d'or;

Le monde s'endort

Dans une chaude lumière.

My child, my sister,

Think of the rapture

Of living together there!

Of loving at will, Of loving till death,

In the land that is like you!

The misty sunlight Of those cloudy skies

Has for my spirit the charms,

So mysterious,

Of your treacherous eyes,

Shining brightly through their

tears.

Luxury, peace, and pleasure.

See on the canals

Those vessels sleeping.

Their mood is adventurous:

It's to satisfy

Your slightest desire

That they come from the ends of

the earth.

The setting suns

Adorn the fields,

The canals, the whole city,

With hyacinth and gold;

The world falls asleep

In a warm glow of light.

L'Invitation au voyage

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